

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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At the Theatre.



With a cast employing the talents of one of the finest dramatic companies in the world and with scenery and costumes of the most lavish description, Elmer Barnes' play, *The Artist's Daughter*, was produced on Monday night at the Union Square Theatre. Everything was done that money, skill and taste could do to place the new piece before the public in an attractive manner. If the drama failed to satisfy the intelligence of the representative five-night gathering, its presentation as all even captivated the visual sense. In the hands of a less gifted exponent than the Union Square company, Mr. Barnes' work would unquestionably have met with disaster. That it was received with a mixture of favor reflects laurels upon the achievements of the players, the management and the customer.

Mr. Barnes has sought to produce a piece of the *Cleopatra Case* and *Two Orphans* order. But although he has chosen a theme such as D'Estoye would utilize skillfully, it is handled without the directness of purpose, the *courting* and *forsaking* which are the tools of the accomplished French melodramatist. Thaxter's *Daughter* possesses the external form but not the inward and genuine animation of the modern French method. It approaches the *sentimental* drama in its constructive qualities than in the manner of treatment. Mr. Barnes' work is merely imitation—it lacks spontaneity, and, like all imitations, its prevailing characteristic is banality. Several times during the action the situations verge on strength and our pulse—but inevitably suspense is disappointed and the pauses grow wearisome. The *dramatis personae* comprise eighteen characters. Seven of these are absolutely unnecessary. They have nothing to do with the development of the plot; they do not even serve to heighten tedious moments. They simply impede on the stage. Even the stimulating clever personages are too much for Mr. Barnes. A great part of the time he doesn't know what to do with them. So finally in the end of his story comes that old *ad libitum* of four or five of the characters disappear from view to appear only at intervals and then to seek the soliloquy of the wings again for another prolonged period. The dialogue is distinctly conversational. The colloquiations are of uniform tenor—there is nothing that breathes the grace, dignity and courtesy of the days of Louis XV.

The story is related in a prologue and four acts. André Favreuil is a poor young artist, who dwells in poverty with his wife, Blanche, and their child, over the bridge of Notre Dame. Blanche is hideous. In carrying the poor painter, two years anterior to the beginning of the play, she incurred parental disapproval and disinheritance. She is ill and dying for want, assisted by her husband and Nanette, the mistress of Gaspard Lassette, a usually perfect of the Paris pot-boilers. Gaspard is in need of funds to pay a gambling debt. He overhears Blanche telling Nanette that her titled sister, the Comtesse de Valois is coming to visit her and leave her 5,000 francs. The villain confides a scheme to procure this money. As André is crossing the bridge the desperado stabs him in the back and throws him over the parapet into the river beneath. Then Gaspard enters the room of the dying Blanche, does the rest of the tale he has just announced, and when the Comtesse comes pretends to be Favreuil. Blanche dies as she is on the point of exposing the scoundrel, and his ruse is successful. The Comtesse takes Marie, the infant daughter of her dead sister, and gives the money she has brought to Gaspard, the supposed father, on condition that he will give up all claim to the child. Sixteen years are supposed to elapse before the first act begins. This is laid at the Chateau de Chalus, the Comtesse having meantime married the Duke de Chalus and reared Marie as her own daughter. The latter is engaged to the Count de Louvois, and everything appears to smile happily upon the virtuous characters of the story, when Gaspard Lassette comes to the surface and blackmails the Duke out of a large sum of money under threats of claiming Marie as his own property. The real André, who, it transpires, was not killed by his wound or drowned by the waters of the Seine, also puts in an appearance. He has, under an assumed name, become a famous painter, and he comes to the chateau to make a portrait of Marie. While painting her picture he had previously

been struck by her resemblance to his dead wife, he recognizes her as his lost daughter, and she—impelled by those instincts which only exist in the imagination of the playwright—falls into his arms. The Duke, believing Gaspard to be the girl's father, denounces André as an impostor. He is arrested for murder in a *cabaret*, committed by his villainous double, but when he comes face to face with Gaspard he denounces that individual, and with the assistance of Nanette, who clears up the mystery, establishes his rightful identity, and Gaspard is taken to prison to answer for his multifarious crimes. As will be seen from this summary, *The Artist's Daughter* contains little love interest—an element so essential to the success of any play. The passion of the young Count for Marie is but an episode, while that of Sylvie Marciel for a gouty Marquis is introduced merely to provide some light comedy. The only strongly developed love is of the paternal order, and that has very little attraction for the average observer.

Mr. Barnes cannot complain about the manner in which his piece was represented. Neither does an actor have the benefit of such a galaxy of fine actors. Considering the limited opportunities the text affords for effective acting, the cast is really a waste of talent. The part of André Favreuil introduced Messrs. Shook and Collier's new leading man, J. H. Barnes. He created a very favorable impression. Although Mr. Barnes has the reputation of being handsome, he cannot truly be said to merit the distinction. He is tall, well built, and his features are regular. But his mouth is weak, his nose is a trifle over-sized and his eyes are unimpressive. He has an agreeable voice and a pronunciation that is not unpleasantly English. His movements are graceful, and he has exhibited the art of self-repose. His acting in the prologue, on hearing from the doctor the news that Blanche is destined to live but a short time, was indicative of poignant grief, and in the scene where the father, painting the daughter's picture, is gradually overcome with the conviction of the relationship which exists between them, he did some very natural and delicate work. Mr. Barnes is not an actor of Charles Thorne's calibre, of course, but from his performance on Monday night it is evident that he understands his business and will prove a valuable addition to the Union Square company. The audience liked him and applauded his efforts frequently. Another new-comer, J. B. Mason—late of the Boston Museum—made a good impression. He had not much to do in the part of the Count de Louvois, but he was intelligent throughout. Mr. Mason, like Mr. Barnes, comes to us with the reputation of being an Adonis. He is also a disappointment in this respect. What his appearance might be if chubbiness did not obscure the character of his countenance we are not prepared to say. But at present he looks like a jolly, overfed countryman. J. H. Stoddart is the best character actor on our stage. It goes without saying that he gave to Gaspard Lassette a strongly marked if repulsive individuality. His make-up was a study, and his acting focused the most attentive observation. John Parcell, in the role of a Doctor, had little to do besides look benevolent, and this he did with perfect ease. Joseph Whiting was afflicted with a bad part—an alleged comic Marquis, with gout, bad temper and similar eccentricities. Owen Fawcett played a valet—one of the superfluous personages before alluded to. Among the ladies Ida Vernon and Minnie Harmon are entitled to most praise. Miss Vernon acted the Duchess with courtly demure, and the scenes wherein she was called upon to display emotion were given with sympathy of the true artist. Miss Harmon clothed Sybil with the winsome brightness which is one of her chief charms, and in powdered wig and brocade skirt she looked a typical belle of the Louis XV. reign. Miss Jewett doubled Blanche in the prologue and Marie in the play. Her acting was very ingenuous and she scarcely looked the maid of seventeen summers. But if Miss Jewett does nothing transcendently well, it is equally true that she does nothing badly. In the present instance she got through with her tearful scenes quite satisfactorily. The rest of the characters were capably represented.

We have already spoken of Mr. Marion's scenery. Each one of the five pictures is a superb piece of work. The audience called the artist out several times during the evening to testify their appreciation of his splendid achievement. The sets were heavy and the walks between the acts were consequently long. A pleasing feature of the performance is a moment in Act One danced by Mmes. Vernon, Harrison, Jewett and Greenwald, and Mmes. Mason, Magnus, Whiting and Hawley. It was recommended. The costumes were all of the richest description.

The Artist's Daughter contains sufficient melodramatic material to appease the craving of the average theatre-goer. This, combined with the splendid manner in which it is put on, will very probably ensure it a fairly successful run.

Hazel Kirke seems still to retain its pristine attractiveness in this city. On Monday night the "evergreen drama," as it has been appropriately described, drew a very good audience to the Grand Opera House. The spectators wept over the pathetic episodes in the tumultuous marital experiences of the heroine, laughed at the peregrinations of Pittacus and Dolly and shuddered before the wrath of the iron-plated

Miller. The play has never been entrusted to a better company than the present one in the course of its long career. Besides containing two or three members of the original cast, it presents several new people of marked ability. Annie Russell's Hazel is sweet and sympathetic, although it lacks intensity in the more exciting situations. Mr. Coulcock's Duncan has lost nothing in rude power, and Mrs. Davis' Mercy is characterized by maternity placidity and loveliness. Sydney Cowell's Dolly Button is as bright as this charming soubrette can make it, and De Wolf Hopper's Pittacus is a breezily humorous personation. William Morris plays Lord Travers with considerable force and the Squire (Rodney of Charles Edwards) is excellent. The minor parts are all well played. The play was handsomely set. Next week, *Her Atonement*.

Storm-Heater was played at the People's Theatre on Monday to a good house by Shook and Collier's company. The performance we have had occasion to notice on two or three occasions lately. It only remains to be said that the play and the actors were well received.

A new comicality was presented to the patrons of Tony Pastor's on Monday night. It is called *Celtibey* and it serves to introduce some clever actors and singers in a laughable vehicle for the display of their varied talents. Zerubabelle Bubble is a women-hater. He formed an organization of similar spirits under the name of the Stag Brotherhood. They attempt to exist without the assistance of the fair sex. Their absurd blunders in trying to keep house and perform the duties which properly belong to feminine hands constitute the fun which abounds in the three acts of the piece. Herbert Archer was excellent as Captain Dobbs, his efforts chiefly carrying the performances to a successful issue. Henry Linden as Bubble was also clever. Belle Archer in the soubrette part of Nancy was very charming. She sang several songs which were received with pronounced favor. *Celtibey* is a breezy *lesser de rideau*, and it should meet with popularity during its brief engagement in this city.

A Child of the State was played Monday by a company hastily gathered together to fill Frank Chanfrau's week at the Third Avenue Theatre. The representation, all things considered, was creditable, and it met with approbation from the audience. George Hoyt acted Gus Rene and Louisa McCormick Maurice De Lancy. Miss Cummins was the Gertrude and Amy Lee the Carlene. Next week a novelty will be presented at this theatre by Mr. Shanks. It will be called *4-4 the Bills A Play—A Plot*, but the permanent title is to be given by the patron who suggests the best one. The lucky christener is promised a prize of \$1,000.

The Private Secretary is an immense success at the Madison Square. The "standing room only" sign has been hung out nearly every night since the opening performance. Harry Allen has replaced M. A. Kennedy as the Squire, and the change benefits the representation.

Louisa has proved unattractive metal, and Madame Janisch has faced some very meager assemblies at the New Park in consequence. On Tuesday night the actress swooned at the close of the third act and the audience was dismasted. Anxiety and overwork were the causes of her sudden prostration. This evening Madame Janisch is to appear in *Leontine*.

Mr. Gillette's *Secretary*, at the Comedy Theatre, is drawing crowded houses. The piece is clever and it is acted capitally. Mr. Gillette as McCosh proves himself to be a comedian of much ability.

The Seven Ravens continues to draw well at Niblo's Garden. The slight fire there on Friday night, sensationally reported by the *World*, was an inconsequential matter. The flame was extinguished before the audience saw it. The greatest care is exercised in handing the electric lights and danger of fire is reduced to a minimum.

Investigation holds on its prosperous course at the Theatre Comique. The houses have been larger the past week than at any time during the run, and the prospect is that the piece will be kept on for a good many weeks to come.

Called Back is nearing the close of its career at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It will be taken off in a couple of weeks. Business had improved a little recently, but the play has not won our public. It is dull and lugubrious, and when there are so many performances of a cheerier or more interesting character at hand it is not strange that playgoers avoid this compilation of murder, madness and other horrors.

An agonized Indiana correspondent writes: "Can anyone tell why Greenastle, a city of 6,000, a splendid show point, with a fine, rich agricultural district surrounding it and located on three great trunk lines should be skipped by all circuses? We have had no circus this season!" Our answer is that a special providence has probably taken Greenastle in hand.

The Musical Mirror.



The Beggar Student was revived on Monday night at the Casino before a good-sized audience. Millochier's charming opera comique was admirably presented as a whole, although in several individual cases the cast was somewhat inferior to that of the original production last season. Digby Bell had a difficult task in the role of General Ollendorf, for the remembrance of Fred Leslie's admirable impersonation was still fresh. Of course Mr. Bell was unable to depart from the established business of the part, but he managed to infuse so much animation into his performance that it was to all intents and purposes an independently original piece of work. Mr. Bell created much amusement and sang some new verses in the refrain "Sponge it Out," which brought the house down. Mark Smith, as Symon, the masquerading student, sang finely and acted with much skill. We prefer Mr. Smith to his predecessor, Mr. Carlton, in this part. Charles Clarke, a weak little tenor, was mildly grieved by the spectators in his efforts to do justice to the role of Janitsky. Laura Joyce was excellent as the Countess, and Lilly Post made a decided hit as Laura. Billie Burlow, who has improved vocally, was very nice indeed as the Lieutenant. The old dress and scenery were used. The Beggar Student is expected to run for a month.

At Koster and Bial's Louise Lester, Sophie Lingwood and several talented singers are giving the best music from Olivette. The vocal department of the long and enjoyable programme is supplemented by several specialty features of a highly meritorious order.

Adonis continues to fill the Bijou Opera House night after night. New fire is being constantly injected into the burlesque, and Mr. Disney studiously embroiders his part with humorous gags and tricks. From present indications it seems probable that the piece will be kept on until the midwinter holidays.

Theo appeared at Wallack's in *Boccaccio* Monday and Tuesday nights. Last evening La File de Madame Angot was the bill. This is the last week of Theo's engagement. It has been moderately successful. On Monday next a preliminary season will begin with the production of the London farcical hit, *Nita's First*.

Professional Doings.

James Dickson arrived in town on Friday. Max Rosenberg will manage Bandmann's tour.

Robert Johnson has left D. H. Harbin's company.

David Belasco is writing a play for Minnie Maddern.

Monsieur Mons has finished his play, *Les Emigres*.

Billie Burlow has been re-engaged by Manager McCull.

Haydon Tilla goes with Thompson's Opera company.

Lou and Cushman have joined Billy Birch's Minstrels.

Adonis will be kept on at the Bijou as long as it will draw.

Jennie Bright will join Arthur Rehan's company this week.

Fay Templeton is meeting with immense success in the West.

A San Francisco gentleman is writing a play for Rose Coghill.

Joseph Arthur's play, *A Play and a Plot*, is in rehearsal at Rankin's.

Hands-off is the title of a musical comedy by W. E. Gill and E. E. Rice.

several prominent "variety stars" are enrolled among the Lyceum students.

Adolph Neuerhoff has been appointed musical director of the Star Theatre.

Manager Field, of Boston, will probably produce *Called Back* at the Museum.

Carrie Godfrey has three new songs, two of which are introduced into Adonis.

Sidney de Haven, late of the Bijou company, has joined Dickson's Sketch Club.

Richard Mansfield will star under the management of Gustave and Charles Fujikawa.

Sophie Lingwood made her first appearance at Koster and Bial's on Monday night.

Charles Hoyt arrived in the city on Sunday night. He is singing another "crack."

It was rumored yesterday that Elsie Eller had been engaged for the Lyceum Theatre.

Medea will be the first play in which Ristori will appear in America during the coming tour.

W. J. Lemoyne is credited with making the hit in the Madison Square Private Secretary.

Tony Pastor has written to a friend in the city saying that the present has been the most prosperous tour he ever made.

Ned Ruth has been appointed piano solo for the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Eddy Copland has replaced Josie Slipped as the opera bottle artiste in *Nitrode*—*Lotta*.

Cyril Scott has been offered a part in *The Secretary* for the road, but will wait for Minnie Maddern.

The Pulse of New York company will close its season this week, remaining after the elections.

Donald Robertson will shortly join Dickson's. He is to create a Scotch part in Robert Emmet.

La Petite Marguerite has closed her current season. She was very successful at the watering-places.

Feeley, stage-manager for *Lotta*, is now playing the Major in *Nitrode*, in place of R. J. Dunn.

Kit Clarke is negotiating with the Kindys for *Excelsior*. This has been his motto for some seasons.

Manager Coville says that John Kirby is doing wonderfully well on the road with *The Parasites of Paris*.

Robert Burman will probably not come to terms with Shook and Collier for the production of his plays.

Nelson Waldron threatens the Mallorys with a lawsuit over the double stage, which claims belongs to him.

Manzell will play the leading role in *Henry Guy Carleton's* play, *The Lion's Mouth*, in place of George Nettle.

Marius de Lazac is the author of the drinking song as rendered by Almon. It was composed expressly for her.

Lillian Ulcott makes her return at Elton's, Pa., Oct. 20. Walter Standish was engaged as leading man on Monday.

Madeline Dolore declined Colonel MacKenzie's offer to star in *Madame Boniface* and *Nitrode*. She will not travel.

Viola Allen denies the report that she has signed with Amos Pond. She will soon star in a new song being written.

A. C. Gunter left for San Francisco Wednesday evening. The D. A. M. company returned to town Friday.

Dor Boucicault has occasionally been substituted for the old gentleman this season, the latter's bout troubling him a little.

If Manager McConnell leaves his Brooklyn theatre and returns to Chicago, Leigh Lynch will assume the management.

Leonora Bradley is making arrangements to star in a new play on the conclusion of her engagement with Robins and Crane.

Agnes Huntington will give five concerts in the leading cities of the East this season, under Colonel W. F. Morse's direction.

E. Henley, who was the best feature of the Royal British Burlesque company, has joined the Eric Bayley Comedy company.

Last week the new *bijoux* at the Star were supplemented by the introduction of electric lights attached to the head of each dancer.

Leslie Allen will leave Dad's Girl company to join La Charbonniere. Rehearsals will be held by F. F. Mackay, beginning Monday.

The Comedy Theatre will in a short time become an adjunct of the Lyceum, and be used for the productions of the stock company.

W. S. Penley, who was here with the Hanlons a few years ago, has made a hit in London, as the Vicar, in *The Private Secretary*.

O Dell Williams, the Judge in *Kit*, states that over three hundred professionals attended Frank Chanfrau's funeral, there being one hundred carriages.

Walker Standish intends taking his play, *Fickle Fortune*, which was recently produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on the road after the elections.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Giddy Gusher.



I never fully realized how often the human soul gets broken until my most intimate friend moved down opposite the New York Hospital. Her husband is by far the most practical and sentimental man in America. You take him one day and the laying of an egg by a careless hen fills his soul with anxiety about a future accident; and you take him the next and you might see my poor Maria's leg off before his eyes and he wouldn't flinch. But in both positions he issues unpleasance opinions, and as they struck their new quarters when his heart was tender, Maria was frightened by the dread forebodings of her husband.

"Put me at the back of the house," said he. "The clang of that ambulance fills me with pain."

"Why should it," said Maria, "as long as I didn't ring for it?"

"And the sight of those dreadful walls are hideous, enclosing so much human misery," he continued.

"Moreover, it is built of parti-colored bricks and a heap sight more cheerful than the new Opera House. The misery there is alleviated, which is more than I can say for that across the street." And Maria got in one on isolated.

Then Maria and I, we two girls, just began to look at the hospital, to see if He or She had the right of it. And in its study we have found much to interest and more to amuse. The early-morning politician with the broken head is one of the funniest features of the scene. A couch with a few friends drives up at six. At that hour I am struggling with Dana or Butler or Bennett on Blaine, but instantly take greater interest in the evidence of a great political issue which is being carefully debated from the couch across the way. His coat is over, his necktie is hanging, and the blood so animates his face that it's a question if he is a white man or a Fifteenth amendment of one. His friends boost him in the great iron gates and the couch patrols the street. After a good hour of this exercise it stops, to take on board the repaired article, and here the laugh comes in. The doctors have planned and patched him, and put a poultice on the north side of him, and mounted a sort of white night-cap on top of all the other white fragments, and aloft, on a small embankment where a peculiarly big hump occurred, one of the officer's friends had perched the sufferer's little black derby hat. You talk of funny sights; that exhibition takes place most every morning, and if the windows of the Mason office were open my bowl of delight would touch you.

The other day an ambulance arrived with a stout Irish fellow, so thoroughly broke up that they just dished him out as if he was picnic chowder. The big iron gates had hardly clanged behind him before a stalwart Bliddy with a stove-lifter braced herself against the wall. She had evidently brought her work home herself.

Several adherents stood at a respectful distance, when a jolly-faced man on a milk-car addressed her:

"What's the matter, Mrs. Mulcahy?"

"They're puttin' a new lid on Mike in heaven."

"Was it an accident?"

"No, it was myself."

"That was too bad of ye, Mrs. Mulcahy."

"Araah, was it indeed? Av ye seen the red head of her, and Mike-walkin' it round the Park, we'd avene fawt he took his midlife for. It's here I'll land him ivvy toime I catch him at it."

Just here the gates creaked a little and a person, who had unnoticed ride in on the ambulance, shot out and grabbed Mrs. Mulcahy—stove-lifter and all.

A short, sharp struggle, and down the street with his prize walked the copper. Maria and I silently rise and shake hands. The hospital has its consultations.

Now, then, it's nine o'clock, and rattling up the main entrance comes a big, many-seated bus-wagon, and tilted carefully in are a score of white-faced, puny little children—some of 'em bandaged, some of 'em in splints, some of them in strange apparatus for straightening backs or lifting heads, but all joyful at the expectation of a ride. I wonder it doesn't make the healthy woman or the married man blither than it does to do something for these afflicted hospitals of ours. Why, for a few dollars you can have a whole afternoon's solid pleasure. Go buy up fifty picture-books, and permission to visit the juvenile ward, and have one on each little cot. Buy a few dozen

lives' worth of wood-wools and fancy cottons and crocheted hoodies and feather-braids and go through the convalescing ranks of the female patients of a hospital and brighten by your little presents the monotonous hours of your suffering sisters. It does seem to me that we struggle and put out lots of money and effort to attain the very miserable returns we call pleasure, when the truest form of it can be procured so cheaply. I'm sure I wish, if there are any benevolent but lax persons who want to enjoy this sort of pleasure by proxy, that they would send their crocheted-hoods and picture-books to the Gusher, who will make a distribution agency of herself in short order.

A careful observation of the habits of men as displayed at the windows and on the balconies of the hospital leads me to believe that taking off a man's head is the only way to take the first out of him. On the second store there is a ward apparently devoted to the use of young men who have been more or less removed. No one of 'em seems to have the full complement of arms and legs, but they all flit. There's a pretty household next door who rooses the whole hospital when she washes her steps. When she appears with her basket they all appear with their crutches, and one particularly awful young man, who is swathed like a mummy and has evidently been half-way into a sausage-cutter, jumps playfully 'round and waves a red-silk handkerchief at the divinity with the broom.

But, then, the ruling passion is hard to eradicate. I remember when a lady friend of mine died a year ago the doctor thought it his duty to break the suspending change to her and advise her to make such disposition of her property and two unruly children as she could in twenty-four hours, that being the limit of the game. She telegraphed for a sister, she sent for me, and she did all her front hair up in pins. When I reached her at nine o'clock, twelve out of her twenty-four hours were gone. She gave me the dreadful information and the most solemn charge to reach the house at twelve next day and "take down her blinds" before the undertaker saw her. It was plain she meant to make a good impression even on that most uninteresting of all men.

No, take it all round, the hospital is an instructive and not unpleasance neighbor. I'd a great deal rather live opposite it than across the way from a good many nice houses where very healthy people reside. Now, for instance, I have a friend upstairs who has been roused from her slumbers three times in as many weeks by the antics of a professional couple. They are people of a good deal of importance, engaged at a prominent theatre. It was a theatrical love-match, and it hasn't been going on so very long either; but something is wrong. The man is younger than the woman, and the woman was never a ravishing beauty, but she was good enough looking to get him away from another woman, and it may gratify that other women to know that the present incumbent has been thoroughly warned and soundly thrashed three times since the last full moon.

He's a rouser, and there ought to have been no dissatisfaction over in Jersey the other night when John Sullivan failed to turn up, for no doubt this theatric and operatic gentleman could have been induced to appear as a noble substitute. When the tale was told me I inquired anxiously what the woman was doing when her husband had these pugilistic sparring? "Principally screwing," was the reply. Oh, suffering Simon! and is this the warlike and tripole female who used to shake up a first husband like a feather bolster.

Why, oh, why! am I denied the great felicity of returning a thrashing. How I would like to take the place of some of these submissive wives for about twenty-three and a half minutes. (I'd want that half minute for just one man.) When I go down to see investigation—as I do once a week—I think when I see Ed. Harrigan jump into the ballyhooed Italian wife's clothes—oh, would that the Lord's gift would give me to be for just a brief period Mrs. Kate Ketchum or Mrs. Laura Lettin, and have fate send him home as the Chinaman arrives or Harrigan.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." If I could only see somebody else's adversity how sweet it would be to me. I had one such opportunity. I was the intimate friend of a popular female star, a stronger and a bigger woman than myself, but as pliant as a whip lash. She had a husband. I see the beggar round New York occasionally now. We were at a hotel in Troy, and after the performance we were having a bit of supper, the actress and I. It was sharp on 12 o'clock and a sleepy waiter sat in the hall. The dining-room door opened and the husband beckoned the wife out and braced her for the evening's receipts that had been handed her in the dressing-room before we left the theatre.

I believe my healthful influence had begun its work, for she decidedly refused to give him a dollar. He turned and struck her a sounding blow straight on the face. She was standing directly in front of a huge mirror in the hall and I saw the whole operation. In one second the hall was opened. I don't believe I shall ever enjoy myself so much again. Tom Sayers was recently dead in London, and I shall always believe I had the use of his spirit for about five minutes. The sleepy waiter was umpire, referee, bottle-holder and both seconds,

I gave the astonished rounders a chance to put up his hands, but destiny or paralysis or disease had no power to his elbows. He just stood up and took it. Some dear old man had been in to supper and left in the rack a volume of patent-office reports—that module proved a heaven-sent weapon—for on skinning my knuckles on a pig nose and cutting my fingers with the wizened early course hair that ever left the hul, I levied on that book and sent it home with such success that the sleepy waiter and a porter carried the defeated man to his lair unable to strike a blow.

Since then I have pined—really pined—to get in the fire-work with which I feel charged. Oh, ye suffering women! if ye can catch on to the moment when the whaler of your poor self is liable to come home with blood in his eye, send for me. Give me the opportunity! Oh, let me be the last to do as Harrigan does—get into the old woman's clothes and just show the old man what he is in.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

London Gossip.

LONDON, Sept. 27.

From the Imperial Theatre at Westminster, a few days since, we had the shortest theatrical "Honeymoon" in London. It lasted three days, and took considerable of the coin of the realm. Captain Digory Rostock and Ada Ward were the luckless parties who were elected to play this drama; to a small, precipitating public; for it was during a very hot spell of weather. No one wanted to see the Honey-moon, so poor Ada Ward was offered as a sacrifice to Captain Rostock's pig-headedness. Now, if a play of to-day had been put on, perhaps there might have been some chance of filling the house. But the Imperial is unlucky anyway. It is, after all, only a side-show booth, as it were, to the Aquarium. Here Jessie Voake got her death, and energetic Fred Dibitz, sweet "Lady Linda's" (for this royal title seems to suit her, and I've always called her Lady Linda) brother, struggled bravely to succeed in management; but a spill hangs over the place, and a superstitious kill its value as a house of amusement. It is situated on what is called the Broad Sanctuary, and Londoners regard all the ground thereto as part of Westminster Abbey, and consequently consecrated soil. True, Mrs. Langtry here made her debut, and she has been lucky. But have the interests of dramatic art been served by the debut of this most remarkable person on the stage? I think we could have been spared this infliction, and I dare say the could have earned a respectable living in some other less exciting channel. But if obstinacy were confined to the luckless Imperial we might consider.

Unfortunately other actors and managers of experience are persistently blind to what the public desire and indulge in personal "fairy-tale" continually. To instance this, there's the Vandeville Theatre. It was doing an immense business with *Confusion*, which, long as its run had been, would no doubt have run a year longer. The public liked it, and went to see it again and again. But Mr. Thomas Thorn had been idle a year. True, he managed the Vaudeville, but he ticked to again tread the boards. Americans will remember Frederick Thorn, Tom's brother, as Flirtin' in Reynold's *Henry V.* Mr. Tom has been out of health, and within the year has lost his wife, a most estimable lady. These two circumstances depressed him in the extreme and rendered him all the more anxious to remove *Confusion* in the height of its popularity and substitute Henry A. Jones' new comedy, *Saints and Sinners*, in which he plays the part of a Dissenting Minister. The play is inglorious, and the first act is interlarded with texts of Scripture. This never goes down even with the first-night critics, who are perhaps always critical sinners at the playhouse. Poor little Lotta was hurt because she sang "Sweet Bye and Bye" at her first London performance. The religious element in London audiences would not stand it. Mr. Jones' play has good elements, and since the first night has been better played and also judiciously cut and dove-tailed. But alas! the theatre is packed with merry echoes of the laughter excited in *Confusion*, and the echoes dispute the presence of new spirits, "bogy spirits," in their midst.

Colonel Mapleson walks down Piccadilly with a proud expression on his pleasant face. He has secured for next season the greatest tenor of the age, a Brazilian, to whom the impresario has in vain offered tremendous pecuniary inducements for years to leave Brazil. He accepts Colonel Mapleson's princely offer, not so much for the money as for the honor of singing with Patti; for he is devoted to his art, and with all an artist's fervor worships the diva. We are to have a feast of opera next season. Who has that spark of soul can resist the charms of opera? It is the nearest approach we make to Heaven on this earth. To hear L'Arioste I would dash myself several new gowns and wear the old ones another season. I knew a young woman who played near the Academy in New York one winter, and who, being through in the second act of the play, used to rush over to hear bits of the music on opera nights. And every one was polite to her, and some gentleman near the door was sure to rise to give her his seat. And it was soul-food for her days to hear Patti and Scalchi. Who was this odd person? Well, Mr. Editor, if I had ever been possessed of a twin sister, I would have been that other twin. Which reminds me that Mrs. Conover's Twins, at the Olympic, has had its fifth representation to crowded houses; and the fair Annie Conover is happy.

Mr. American Exchange Green has given a dinner in honor of the Lord Mayor. It is not of the dinner I care to speak, however. I am never wildly enthusiastic over seeing the animal Man feed in public. I cannot understand why a lot of bright men should not on these occasions invite a lot of bright women to join them, and I conclude it is because they are quite sure that the women, were they invited, would outshine them. Acrimonious and old-fashioned, you say? Well, it may look so, but I am neither an old-fashioned prude nor yet an acrimonist. With which preface I begin

I speak of A. E. G. (American) Ha-le-voe Giligian: only to say that along with his com on the coast, down to Michigan, expressly imported for the occasion, he treated the guests to the tune of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, which played a choice selection of music during dinner, under Cavalier L. Zavarelli, and during dessert Nettie Carpenter positively enchanted the guests with her violin solo. Miss Kettle is unknown, is poor, is only fifteen, and I insist she has a future. Her mother played at the piano her accompaniments, and when they applauded her daughter the mother cried. Howard Paul tells me it was most affecting. So do I wish the name. And leaving music, I will say that at Covent Garden, in October, we are to have Rosalie's *Saints and Sinners*, together with Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, under the direction of A. Gyulay. Crosse and a soprano chorus and orchestra.

Mrs. Kendal's speech before the Social Congress of Remingtons was of the shortest.

However, I don't quite endorse all that the estimable Mrs. Kendal asserts.

Still says much that is excellent, and it is so charming to once in a while find an actress who can talk smoothly save in the words of some dramatist which are put to her mouth to say, willy-nilly.

The last art news. The novelties. Torn torn the provinces, and see the old New York favorites. First is Rosalie, advertised as from Wallie's Theatre, and no credit is given to "our Lassie." Second is the leading Frank Fayne Mario and his dog Jack. Third, Langtry, the impersonator, and Caprice, the soprano. Fourth, Belle Patterson, as Minnie, in *Green Butterflies*, Madame Grisette's and Louise Weston's great part, the play being a dramatization of Fanny Cooper's celebrated novel "The Wreath of the White Wolf." Fifth, one of the ten versions of *Called Back*, with York Stephen as Gilbert Vaughan. By the way, here, as in America, there is no law to prevent anyone from making a drama out of a published novel. Sixth, John Gaylord comes as recently as an English setting. Seventh, Miss Glanville returned to the stage during *Look and Say*. Eighth, Fan on the Bristol in the Channel Isles, the home of the Langtry, and last, a version of *My Sweetheart*, most charmingly played at Eastbourne by a clever little juvenile actress.

A good story is told of Miss Anderson. A letter came to her a few days since, directed to the Lyceum to "M. Anderson." One of the people employed about the theatre, knowing how she dislikes not to receive her full name on letters, remarked that "she would be foolish, as she is rather nervous on occasions."

"Not at all," replied a friend near by; "the address is all right, 'M.' stands for 'Madame'."

Rather severe that! Anderson's name is well known in the provinces with Miss Baker as *Cynthia*—a great provincial favorite, who was formerly manageress of the principal Liverpool theatre, where the Andersons may have opened. Miss Baker is the idol of the Liverpool people, as was her late husband, and Miss Anderson was fortunate in meeting her successor. On the appearance of Miss Baker at her old theatre the demonstration was wildly enthusiastic, the people rising in their seats. At the wine-table Miss Anderson was asked, "Do you think it is me," she answered. The audience exploded. It was an ovation. "Do me," said the author, under her breath, "why don't come one off them it is not me." On this an actor standing near remarked to the housekeeper, "Not at all, Miss Anderson; it is all for Mrs. Baker, whom the people love over, as an old friend, a masterpiece and an incomparable actress." Well, the amount of it was that she got double ovations over it; for Mary does not do so easily with "incomparable actresses." One thing (to have the pictures and return to London) I will say; the girls who were this season as Clotilde in *Confusion* and Topsy in *Mapleson* were more beautiful and becoming, and she does up her hair prettier, yet quite as beautifully dressed, than last season. The awful eight she presented last season in an attempt to copy *Gillian's* *Flame*, with her hair a la *Helen Arane*, quite threw me into a swoon of sickness. In the days when her gowns were ugliest, they were queen to that grisly-polymer abomination. And as gowns generally take the place of theatrical scenes on the modern stage, I rejoice in Miss Anderson's pretty robe this season, her beautiful diamonds and her billowy falls of satin lace, especially the graceful *grise*—a style of overture which relieves the eye of contumacious her angular shoulders and bust. I think Mamie Gilligan's *Adolescence* must have made that former awful *colic* rig, which I trust she has now sold to a London old-clothes vendor.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

and others. Everything is said about the show fully up to the mark. Larger theaters have been engaged to meet the demand, and it is said that the new management does not care for the old and unattractive features of the house and demanded J. H. Schaeffer, Mr. Schaeffer accepted Col. John A. Hart's offer. As there were many applicants for the position of Mr. Hart, who became the manager of the Academy for the Deaf. The Board of Directors are to meet later, so with some difficulty we have already been disposed of.

LAWRENCE.

Opera House (John C. Green, manager): The season has opened with a little Company's Concert, a feature here. Miss Carrington has a fine solo voice. She has a small oriented voice, besides being a good actress. The talented young actress, Eddie Moore, played a charmingly successful concert on Mountain Park, Tuesday and Wednesday.

GREENCASTLE.

Opera House (John C. Green, manager): Captain Foster, etc., Large audience. The play should be well set and pretty well done. The singing of Mr. Moore was greatly enjoyed.

EVANSTON.

Opera House (John C. Green, manager): They have had a good opening. The music is good, the program is varied, the scenes are fine. Miss Carrington has a fine solo voice. She has a small oriented voice, besides being a good actress. The talented young actress, Eddie Moore, played a charmingly successful concert on Mountain Park, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Apollo (John Albrecht, manager): S. S. Woods has been drawing large houses throughout the week ending 9th. Good performances.

IOWA.

Grand Opera House (H. W. Woodburn, manager): The Devil's Auction was presented Sept. 20 and 21 to large audiences, who received each notable feature with every demonstration of delight. The audience for the first night was the largest of the year in Ioway. Romeo and Juliet was a feature on the second night. In the opinion of our critics, Romeo and Juliet is another to take its place in the standard repertory of our foremost tragedians. The Python of Henry Arding was an excellent piece of work and came in for a fair share of applause. George H. Adams, Harry Drury, etc., and, as usual, filled the house with the most genial good, and the expression of the critics were acceptable. Next week, An Adriatic Eden.

Civ. Hall (John C. Green, manager): The Student, etc., in Ingmar and Oberlin played to good houses the 2d and 3d, and the music was very good, but as Oberlin was better. His physique imagined Oberlin to be the character's master. Evelyn was a capital creation of Parkinson and a solid and robust. And one for her, among good. The cast was most genial, and the expression of the critics were acceptable. Next week, An Adriatic Eden.

Opera House (C. G. Green, manager): The Devil's Auction was presented Sept. 20 and 21 to large and enthusiastic audiences. The acting of William Hartman and Mrs. Hartman was very fine, and the supporting cast was much better than the average. W. F. O'Neil's Company St. Angel was especially commendable.

MAINE.
Theatre (Frank Curtis, manager): The Student, etc., in Ingmar and Oberlin played to good houses the 2d and 3d. William Hartman or Ingmar was good, but as Oberlin was better. His physique imagined Oberlin to be the character's master. Evelyn was a capital creation of Parkinson and a solid and robust. And one for her, among good. The cast was most genial, and the expression of the critics were acceptable. Next week, An Adriatic Eden.

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OKLAHOMA.

Masonic Opera House (G. H. Bechler, manager): The regular season opened with The Power of Money to good business, notwithstanding it rained all day. The piece gave the best of satisfaction. Mrs. Patterson, 4th; Little's World, with Robins and Coates, 5th.

DES MOINES.

Grand Opera House (W. W. Moore, manager): Sept. 27, Joseph Jefferson, in Cricket on the Hearth, and Lord of the Flies, 2d; a few days later, the same. The Pygmalion, 3d; Romeo and Juliet, 4th; Donning as John Perceval, the 5th; The Finsbury, etc., were accorded a good reception in The Mighty Dollar.

Foster's Opera House (William Foster, manager): The Swiss Bell Ringers' season of four nights concluded Sept. 21, and was a financial success, the house being filled at every performance at 10 cents. The Power of Money, etc., did a fair business, and gave the best of satisfaction.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.

Grand Opera House (Wood and Updegraff, manager): Sept. 23, the Abby Carrington Opera and Concert co. gave such satisfaction that the managers immediately made a return engagement forth. The Freedmen Concert co. for the benefit of First Presbyterian Church and the American Red Cross for the benefit of the Ingoldsby institution. The Accell co., a most excellent, composed of resident professionals, who sang largely professionally, viz.: Mrs. C. M. Accell (Marion Egan) formerly with Camilla Egan, soprano; William T. White, tenor; James Moore, baritone; Professor Louis Heck, violinist, and Maria L. Cobb, pianist. The concert was a perfect treat, the violin solo of Professor Heck, and the singing of Mr. Moore, being especially fine. Rafael Diaz, etc., under management of Carolyn F. Craig, 4th, return of the Abby Carrington co. Verily a week of events.

Area: The Parsons and London Circus, ad, gave the largest and last street parade ever seen here, but the ring performers, in my judgment, was no better than that given by the Sells Brothers a few weeks ago, and perhaps not as good in several respects, though there was more of it.

Area: Your correspondent put on his seven-league boots and took a flying trip East a few days ago, and found that the Parsons and London Circus, ad, gave the largest and last street parade ever seen here, but the ring performers, in my judgment, was no better than that given by the Sells Brothers a few weeks ago, and perhaps not as good in several respects, though there was more of it.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(For transmission to the mirror.)

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 8.—Miss Jannachek, at the Royal Hall, opened at the Chestnut Street Opera House to a large audience. Harry Hadden's lack of literary training is probably responsible for this play. Jannachek is still the grand success. In any other hands Harry would be doomed on sight.

Mary Weston has arrived a bit at the Chestnut. Crochet, with Edward Gobin, at the Chestnut Opera House, created a favorable impression. Opening house fair.

The Walker continues to present A Night in Vienna, but the scenes which were so cordially received have not developed. The acts of management of the Walker have given into the hands of John S. Clarke's agent here. Fiducia and Hall having had a "difference." Just how occasioned the trouble do not clear. Scars of a disagreement have been observed, from time to time, for more than a year, but never assumed definite shape until during the past week. One of the opinion that Mr. Fiducia believes himself in possession of sufficient experience—superior to his walking alone; and that the present trouble will result in his being the sole owner and manager.

LETTER: The trusted master of the Walker can again sit. Israel Fiducia is now the sole owner and manager, and Thomas A. Hall is out in the cold. Fiducia's refusal to pay residue Oct. 1 was simply part of a plan to rid himself of his partner. All arrangements held good. No change in attitude.

(For transmission to the mirror.)

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 7.—Eric Hayley's company opened at the Providence Opera House, Monday night, in *Impresario*; to almost empty seats, there are being more than one hundred people present.

(At the Park.)

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—John Gilbert had a royal greeting Monday night at the Boston Museum, where *The School for Scandal* was presented, with Sir Peter as *the pièce de résistance*. He had a call before the curtain, and was greeted warmly all through the piece.

The Globe had a rousing good house to see M. R. Curtis in *Spot Cash*, and Alice was received by a large audience at the Park, in *Madame Zeta*, at the Bijou, to see the young Zeta, at the Bijou, to see *Shipped by the Light of the Moon*, at the Standard to see the Howard Atherton Star Specialty Company No. 2, and at the Hoytian to see a rousing variety show.

(The Comedy City.)

(For transmission to the mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—Lemon and Co.'s *Ring of Gold* opened at Library Hall to a good house. Meyer's We, Us and Co. at the Opera House had large. The Academy and Music House were packed on Monday night. The Marton, Tyrolean singer, now singing at the Academy, will shortly join the Berlin Hill combination. Harry Kornell was on stage, etc.

(A Hold-on Extravaganza.)

(For transmission to the mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Oct. 8.—The Extravaganza and comedy belonging to the Kiricals were opened on the 5th, at the instance of Manager Moxley, of Louisville, at the close of the engagement at Henck's. The trouble grows out of a broken contract of last summer. Moxley is being made toward a compromise. However, he has subjected the Kiricals to considerable trouble.

The Sunday evenings were all well performed, Sunday at Henck's, in the Banks at Henck's, Music Voices at the People's, and Voices and Colors at the Grand driving large audiences. C. W. Vasey, stage-manager of the John McCullough company, has returned from Chicago, and furnishes a rather disconcerting account of the star's condition. Gilbert Clayton, recently with the Hess Opera troupe, has been engaged by Manager Henck and will play the *Confidante* in the new version of Scott Hart's *Wonderful Book*.

(An Opera House Burned.)

(For transmission to the mirror.)

CHARLOTTE, N.C., Oct. 8.—The Grand Opera House was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. It was first discovered at about 3 o'clock, A.M., and in less than two hours the destruction was complete. Bentley Campbell's company played *Separation* last night, and it was after midnight before those engaged in removing the baggage and property of the company left the house, and then there was not the slightest suspicion of fire. We are left without a theatre. Nothing has been said about rebuilding.

The house was owned by E. P. Wilber, banker, and was managed by C. P. Smith.

(Miscellaneous.)

(For transmission to the mirror.)

LYNN, Mass., Oct. 8.—Sister's Monte Carlo company opened its New England tour before a large audience on Monday night.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Oct. 8.—*Queens* was presented at the Academy on Monday night before a small but well pleased audience. Small house last night. Louis Pomeroy, in the leading role, did splendidly. The New York Opera company opened a three-night engagement at the Grand Monday night, op-

erating as Methelem.

Fairhouse, Jessie Winston and A. H. Bell carried off the honors.

ATLANTA, Oct. 8.—Storm-Beaten at the Lyceum, on Monday night, attracted a good-sized house. Tuesday evening large. The Corinne Merrimanders, at Royal Masons, are drawing packed houses. People turned away in scores.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 8.—The Michel Stedhill company began the work at the Academy of Music before a large audience, whose applause testified their approval of this spectacular drama. *The Wages of Sin*, which Stanley and Gervais produced at the Court Street Theatre, did not bring out a large audience Monday night. Bonnard and Mouton's Opera titled *Romantic Museum* to the doors Monday evening. The Marceau was the hit.

The Gay Capital.

PARIS, Sept. 27, 1874.

There is always a feast or a famine, and this time there is so much material that even that is fair and ordinary news must be thrown aside. The new three-act play entitled *Un Divorce* was brought out at the Varieté, as announced, and the story is short. The action is laid under the First Empire before the old Divorce Law had been repealed, and through this the author feels an ingenious method of holding up what he considers the drawbacks of the present divorce system. Diane Chassagne's husband is a Colonel in Napoleon's army. He surprises her with a bundle of letters in her hand, and when he requests her to give them to him she throws them in the fire. He suspects her of infidelity, and, after driving her from home, obtains a divorce. After four years Chassagne's sister Pauline returns from a long absence, and insists upon his explaining the true cause of his quarrel with his wife. When told of the letters she falls on her knees and confesses that they contained the secret of her own honor, which Diane had protected at the expense of her own reputation and happiness. Meanwhile Diane suffers from her equivalent position in society, but is protected by Philip de Kerouen, who loves her, and at length she agrees to marry him. At this moment Pauline appears and implores Diane to forgive and forgive, and returns to her former home. This she refuses to do, and, when Chassagne appears, remains steadfast to her second love. The *denouement* of the play is the married happiness of De Kerouen and his wife, and the disappearance of the first husband, who is supposed to have sought his death on the battlefield. This is followed by two bright one-act pieces, *En Partie Fine* and *La Victoire*, and the whole makes an enjoyable performance. By the way, what is the reason that one-act pieces are unknown quantities at your American theatres? They certainly are enjoyable, and frequently "put the cracker on the whip" in this country.

Sara is doing *Macbeth* at the Porte St. Martin in a manner that would bring down the gallery at the Old Bowery, if that cradle of dramatic art was yet in blast. When she came back here from England every one expected that she would be much improved, and that she would give a magnificent performance; but this world is filled with disappointment, and this has not proved an exception. Even the French papers, which are usually filled with fulsome praise concerning her, are convinced that she does not understand Shakespeare, and are not slow in expressing their views. Her throwing her arms above her head and ranting like a fourth-rate harridan does not appear to go down and results to vindictive interview once had with Ned Adams in an Ohio town. He had just played *Richard* in Pittsburgh, and given a finished performance, but said that he was compelled to play *Henry* in the country towns than in the city, that the people were more exacting. Well, that night he gave a howling performance, a regular cross-acting arrangement, and captured the house. Sara would be an everlasting star in that town. The critics here laugh at her, and look forward to the production of another adaptation of the same piece, which is said to be a great creation, at the Odéon. Speaking of country critics brings up the *Essay on Criticism* of the Punch and Judy showmen: "It's a notion of mine that children in theatrical matters is far better judges than grown-up folks both for tragedy, comedy—that's *Punch—an' farce*. *Savanna* children isn't much in copper, but in enthusiasm an' appreciation they're millionaires. Your venerable old cowboys who think they know something, is no critical that they are the good points in looking for the bad ones. *Children* is just as clever in *findin'* out what's good, an' quite as cute in *stealin'* the bad. A hearty laugh to the humours of his *harridan*, an' the more *humorous* a *harridan* there is for good work to be appreciated an' paid for if there's copper about. These children, you see, think an' *Punch* himself is alive, an' *Judy* is a small an' still edition o' their maternal relatives. No; give me a *harridan* commands at' children. There's my notion."

It is the general impression here that Abbey and Grau have secured the services of Sara for an American tour, commencing in 1885, lasting for three hundred nights, and netting her one thousand dollars a performance. Sara is one of the busiest men in Paris just now, as he is rehearsing *Patte des Mouche* at the François and Theodore at the Porte St. Martin. The probabilities are decidedly in favor of the play being successful, for he is unquestionably the first dramatic author alive to-day.

Jules has made a new departure and signed a treaty to appear at the Palais Royal in January, playing until May, in a new comedy by E. de Nauj, and in a contemplated *opéra* of Divorces. She has given a last, long, lingering farewell to the Varieté, and appears to

be drifting more and more into comedy straight. The Americans will be disappointed to her next year, not because she is not a most pleasing actress, but she really sings little better than this, and is not nearly so pretty. It is a great pity that the mould for making perfect men and women was lost some time before the inauguration of the Garden of Eden. They have lost civilization the ninth night of Le Teatin de Plaisir, at the Palais Royal, by a grand supper to the press, and are now drifting toward the second hundred.

La Nuit aux Bouffes is a comic opera in three acts by D'Estany and Ferrier, music by Hervé, the composer of *Ninette*, which was brought out on the 15th at the Nouveautés before *test* *Paris*. The subject is taken from an old two-act comedy which was played in 1822. It is useless to give the plot, as you will never hear of the piece otherwise than as the cause of attraction to a famous producer bound to the dramatic cemetery. The score possesses some good numbers, but friend Hervé must depend for his reputation upon his previous work, and not less so hopefully upon this broken reed. It is said that he wrote the music in London, where fog, or Scotch whisky, has unquestionably proven too much for his usually clear head. The "Chasse au Villain" is, however, a bright spot in the desert of dreariness, and will probably live as a sort of souvenir to show that such an opera ever existed. The acting and singing was no good that the actors deserved the sympathy accorded by the audience. La Nuit aux Bouffes was a failure.

The Grand Magi is a new-old opera which first saw light at Matelot about eight years since. It has been rewritten and made its first appearance on the 15th at the Gaîté. Audran and Duran are responsible for the production, which may be styled a success in this city. It possesses the two requisites of popularity—immorality in an unusual quantity and gorgeous scenery *ad lib*. The story is exceedingly simple. A dentist named Japicot and his sister Irma, who is a serpent charmer, go out to India and arrive at the court of the Grand Mogul, whose son, Prince Mignapour, will arrive at his majority and mount the throne in two days. There is a law existing in this country that the Prince must be absolutely pure when he bears his rule. It is evident to everyone if this is the case, as he wears a necklace of immense white pearls which will immediately turn black should he lose his virtue. He falls in love with Irma on sight, and announces to the court that he will marry her. This does not suit the ideas of his cousin, the Princess Hengeline, as she intends to be the happy bride, so she writes him a note, under the false signature of Irma, making an engagement to meet him alone in the dark, at the park, at midnight. The next morning, when they come to crown the Prince, the pearls are black, and he is driven away, an exile from home and country. He comes back in the last act, disguised as a falir, for the purpose of finding his girl. Then it turns out that Captain Clarkson, a heavy English villain, was in love with the Princess and had discovered her plot; so he gave the Prince a dose of opium, borrowed his clothes and filled the park engagement. Not only had he played this game, but he had substituted a set of black pearls for the white ones, and ruined Hades generally. However, everything turns out in the regular orthodox fairy-story manner—and they were all happy ever afterward.

M. Emile Simon has concluded arrangements with Sarah Bernhardt and Jeanne Gravier for a starring tour in Belgium and Holland. Sarah will give fifteen performances of *Macbeth* and Gravier thirty performances, appearing in *Les Premières Années de Richelieu* and *Le Fleuve de Lotus*. On her return she will create *Gavroche* at the Varieté, where she is due on Nov. 15.

The management of the Musée Grévin, after which your Eden Musee is modeled, has established telegraphic communication between their hall and the Varieté, Nouveautés and Edouard. Now visitors to the Musee can listen to the performances going on at any of the above-named houses.

Colonel and Mrs. Mapleton and Signor Arditi are staying at the Hotel du Rhin. They dined on Thursday with Marie van Zandt, who is on the point of leaving for St. Petersburg to fill her engagement at the Imperial Opera.

Dumas' adaptation of Hamlet is to be revived at the Théâtre Français. Paul Maurice, who was the collaborator in the translation, has obtained from M. Perrin the re-engagement of Mme. Agar, who had left that house. She is to impersonate the Queen. There is some talk of reviving Victor Hugo's *Les Burgraves*.

Mme. Helene Daurey (Mme. Williams), the American actress now appearing in *Miss Magpie* at the Folies Dramatiques, was educated from the French stage by Mme. Faugier, formerly an actress at the Varieté. Her command of the French language is reported as being something extraordinary.

The Varieté has accepted a new four-act comedy from D'Estany and D'Ary, entitled *L'Amour*. The leading part will be created by Mme. Jeanne Brindais, who has been retained by the Théâtre Français in order that she might better her position.

Mme. Helene will create the part of Cleopatra at the Opéra Comique, in the piece by the same name from the pen of Victor Massé.

Henri Boucic, the author of *Coriolanus*, read a new three-act comedy yesterday, entitled *La Patriote*, to the Committee of the Théâtre Français.

The first of *Joli Gille*, by Poissé, and the revival of Victor Massé's *Galathée*, are down on the bills for to-night at the Opéra Comique.

The Folies Bergères, which is the leading variety show and meeting-place for ladies and gentlemen, gives a good entertainment. The management has just secured Edward Williams, the lion-tamer, who gives a performance with two tigers and a lion. The animals live and perform in the same cage.

Echoes from the Bouffes:

Madame X. meets Madame Z. and daughter. "Yes, indeed! I was very happy when I was a girl at the convent. Ah, I should have remained there!"

"No doubt of it, my dear, but then you would not have been the mother of this sweet girl."

"And, oh, mamma, I should have been very lonely without you."

At the railway station:

"What! Going on a journey today, Friday, the 13th?"

"Oh, no; I am just here to see my wife off."

Between invalids:

"You must eat very little. I only eat Gruyère cheese."

"But that is very heavy."

"Not at all; I only eat the holes."

On the play entitled *Le Drame au fond de la Mer*:

"They say that the doctors and sage females have formed a society called *Le Drame au fond de la Mer*."

(Mary has a new baby—her Drame au fond de la Mer.)

Manager Hamilton has agreed to star at the Mount Morris Theatre. Mr. White says the suit is only brought to cause him annoyance. Seeing this the season was not likely to be profitable. Mr. White closed early, at the same time notifying managers with whom he had deals, Manager Hamilton among the number. As soon as they learned that the Franklin had agreed to star Miss Maudern, many of the managers claimed that they had verbal contracts. This is Mr. White's view of the matter; Manager Hamilton's may be somewhat different.

On Monday papers were served by Avery Rosenthal, as counsel for Nelson Walker, in a suit against the Madison Square management, preliminary to an application to the courts for an injunction to restrain them from using certain machinery and apparatus connected with the scenery and the famous double stage.

BROCKVILLE, CANADA.

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Recollections of Chanfrau.

We doubt very much whether fifty years ago there could have been found within the lawless limits of this island a more prolific centre of gaiety in the sprout than Chatham Square. Taking it at its hub and radiating East and West, North and South, it teemed with the most adroit adepts—lamp-shakers, ball-dancers, marble-shavers, kite flyers and their aquatic spirits.

It was at the very zenith of this hot-bed that we find young Chanfrau creeping into the light in a little nondescript frame house, just off the Square, called the Old Tree House, but more famous as the scene of the adventures of the beautiful Charlotte Temple with a gallant British officer, all of the Revolutionary time, and the superfluous of romance and amorous adventure ever since. A few doors below this former birth place could be seen the father of the comedian, a stout and dapper Frenchman, whom I verily believe, being a hungry purveyor of the neighborhood, I must have purchased, at one time and another, any quantity of prunes, pimientos and other tropical delicacies.

Stepping a few doors off—who do we meet on the same block? No other than a Spanish gypsy, Senor Martin, whose daughter was the mother of the popular actress, Kate Clason. Traversing the Square and ploughing down the declivity of Oliver Street, we come upon the Oliver Street Baptist Church, in whose pulpit officiated Spencer H. Cone, whose son it was that married the Spanish's daughter in the Bowery and thereby became the sire of Kate Clason. Moving on a short distance below we reach Union Hall Academy, the nursing mother and theatrical cradle for the institution of Frank Chanfrau as a chick in the Morion's nursery having for his fellow-apprentices Commodore H. Fleming, David McKinney (steward manager of the Old Bowery) and others of the profession, who tried their puny hands on Rolla, Young Naval, Orpheus and Vassil.

If you walk around the little open block and turn to Catherine street near by the fruit stand of the senior Chanfrau, we see an oyster whose lighted, to suggest the capital oysters and scallops served there by the colored caterer, John Baptist, to the half-starved doctors of East Broadway who resorted thither at all hours in droves—and as if to crown the half century's circuit, we see now announced in the papers of the day that Charles Reason, a grandson of Baptist, the oysterman, is given the place on the Electoral ticket of one of the leading parties in lieu of General U. S. Grant, who declined the honor.

Trained by his preliminary gymnastics in running with his four-wheeled sweetheart, Eugene, Master Chanfrau, diverging from his door-step on the East side of the town, spread his wings in search of freer quarters. In this he was not immediately successful for we well remember him many a time, in his white top-coat leaning against the wall in the lobby of the old Park Theatre, wearing the anxious looks of an actor in his novitiate, waiting the coming in of the tide. That our young Chanfrau was destined, at some stage or other, to become interested in the business of entertaining the public, might have been foreseen by noting that his youngling eyes had been treated with the view of a daring canvas (a fierce Bengal tiger with a man's head thrust down his throat) facing his father's fruiterer on the other side of the street—and that on the corresponding corner of the block where stood the building in which he amoured in his tender years, flourished in a shed or outhouse a learned pig who played a masterly hand of old dice with his mate.

The opening incidents of his theatrical career cannot perhaps be better given in a résumé I have heretofore made to this effect: "There is connected with the life of Frank Chanfrau a curious passage in theatrical history, showing on what trivial circumstances the fortunes of men depend. Chanfrau was the son of a little Frenchman who kept a fruit shop, some fifty years ago in the Bowery, near its junction with Division street. Frank was sent early in life for his great mimetic talent, which is the basis of his professional success. He went on the stage, and after some years of moderate fortune he found employment at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre in Broadway, near Grand street, at \$12 per week. While he was using there the time arrived for a benefit to the stage manager, Ben Baker. Baker resolved to have something original for the occasion. Now, it so happened that I had some years previous published a local novel, the nineteenth chapter of which was entitled, 'The Round Figures' Contumacious Bill at Vandall's Garden.' In this was introduced Dick Winslow, a baker's apprentice, one of the boys, with various characteristic associates and surroundings. This was made the foundation of a local sketch written by Mr. Baker, called 'A Glance at New York,' in which the prominent personage was Mose, the drayman, played by Chanfrau. It made a decided hit, free and fraticles being, in those days of the Voluntary Department, of much more popular interest than they are now. Manager Mitchell realized \$12,000 from the piece. Two friends of Chanfrau, William Davis, who afterwards married the celebrated belle and actress, Mary Taylor, and Dr. Hayes joined the National Theatre and shared it with Chanfrau, who played Mose at the beginning of the evening at the Olympic on Broadway, and at the close at the National on Chatham street. It poured money abundantly into the pockets of all these parties; but this was not all. William E. Burton, then managing a theatre in Philadelphia, paid Mr. Baker fifty dollars for the privilege of producing a tableau at New York in Philadelphia. This he did so effectually as to realize \$6,000, with which he came to New York and leased Palmo's Opera House on Chambers street, and transformed it into Burton's Theatre. Here he was so favored by fortune as to be able in a short time to build himself a fine mansion in Hudson street, opposite St. John's Park, and not long after to indulge in the luxury of a handsome country-seat and grounds at Glen Cove, Long Island."

One of our dailies, referring to these facts, has fallen into a slight mistake by naming the novel from which Mose was drawn, "Broad-

way and the Bowery," which was in fact the title of a play which was written for Chanfrau and which has this somewhat curious history. It occurred to me, as a well-wisher to Chanfrau, that by playing too long and too often on the one string it might become monotonous, and when it finally gave out some day the actor, being accused a one-part performer, would soon drop out of notice. To anticipate this, I suggested a play somewhat advanced upon the Firefly, in treatment and tone, but in the same time and spirit.

While engaged with the subject I was invited by the comedian to dine with him at his father's house, a short distance to the suburbs. Taking a rickety, two-story Bowery omnibus, the only conveyance on that line in those days, I was driven to a gate in the country, and making my way up a rough lane, reached a faded frame mansion, standing upon a plateau of raised ground.

I was met by Frank and with his escort proceeded to the basement, or cellar room, of the house. We were there served with a most excellent lay-out prepared by the hands of the elder Chanfrau his self.

Retiring from the table, we seated ourselves on a bench against the study side of the house, having before us a plain flooring for the ground, which I contemplated with considerable interest. "What do you see there?" said the actor. "I answered, "Hercules." "Can you make them out?" "Not clearly," I replied—upon which Chanfrau explained that the plants were the cuttings of the pit benches in the National Theatre, which they had removed in renovating the theatre, and that the cuttings were the initials of individual workmen and juvenile potters, who thereby appropriated such seats to their private and exclusive use.

The play (Broadway and the Bowery) was accepted and an advance made to me upon it; but Chanfrau was "fractious" as to the study of new parts and never appeared in it. When he sold out, the National Theatre house passed over to Captain Party, who had been the police officer and captain-wielder of the house. Upon him I called to inquire after the play, which I learned had been handed over to him in a green box of odds and ends which he would overlook. Repeating my call upon the Captain, he delivered to me the manuscript, which I reperformed with about the fifth part of the advance I had received.

Upon this little bit of domestic history I note the following recent comment on Chanfrau's career by one of our daily journalists: "He was certainly possessed of unusual powers and he was himself among those who regretted they were not given a wider field in the earlier years of his professional life." On that purpose it was that I sought to get Chanfrau's attention by writing for him the drama of Broadway and the Bowery—which, by the way, had quite a run at the Old Bowery with John Brugham in the principal character.

In his prime, as he comes back to my memory Frank Chanfrau was in person a fine specimen of bourgeois manhood, bony, ruddy, pure-blooded, clean and robust. Frank was the only member of the family as far as I know who had a fair complexion—his brothers were all dark and swarthy, as was the father, a dapper man every French to his appearance. It may be scarcely worth mentioning, but the writer may be assured if he states that he introduced in a subsequent novel the East Side Roughs on a somewhat broader scale, under the name of the Elbow.

By way of rounding up and giving a sort of completeness to this sketch, I may add that observing that my herculean is correct, Ben Baker, the author of A Glance at New York, and Chanfrau, the possessor of Mose, were born within stone's-throw of each other, one in the Bowery, the other on Chatham street, and that the present writer, to whom is accredited the having furnished, in the language of the patent-leaves, the foundation idea for Mose, could then have been found by turning just around the corner in East Broadway—making altogether, in the apt expression of Tony Lumpkin "a concatenation" accordingly.

J. C. Williamson, the Australia manager, leaves for Europe on Saturday. He has seen everything now on in the city, and has opened negotiations with several managers. It is probable that E. E. Rice will send the Supreme Party (Pop) and a burlesque company to Australia next year under his management.

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One of our dailies, referring to these facts, has fallen into a slight mistake by naming the novel from which Mose was drawn, "Broad-

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